



ONLY A TOUCH.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Founded on the Text: "Who touched me," Mark 5: 31.



GREAT crowd of excited people elbowing each other this way and that, and Christ in the midst of the commotion. They were on the way to see him

restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought he could effect the cure, others that he could not. At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment. A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha, others say it was Veronica. I do not know what her name was; but this is certain: she had tried all styles of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed many of the doctors of that time when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine in this time, when the word physician or surgeon stands for potent and educated skill. Professor Lightfoot gives a list of what he supposes may have been the remedies she had applied. I suppose she had been blistered from head to foot, and had tried the compress, and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and hacked and cut and lacerated until life to her was a plague. Beside that, the Bible indicates her doctors' bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance and for hygienic apparatus until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorders. No! Wan and wasted and faint she stands there, her face distorted with suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain, and sobbing until her tears fall from the hollow eye upon the faded dress; only able to stand because the crowd is so close to her pushing her this way and that. Stand back! Why do you crowd that poor body? Have you no consideration for a dying woman? But just at that time the crowd parts and this invalid comes almost up to Christ; but she is behind him and his human eye does not take her in. She has heard so much about his kindness to the sick, and she does feel so wretched, she thinks if she can only just touch him once it will do her good. She will not touch him on the sacred head, for that might be irreverent. She will not touch him on the hand for that might seem too familiar. She says: "I will, I think, touch him on his coat, not on the top of it, or on the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; there can be no harm in that. I don't think he will hurt me, I have heard so much about him. Beside that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last hope." And she presses through the crowd still further and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch him. She pushes still further through the crowd and kneels

and puts her finger to the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric shock there thrilled back into her shattered nerves and shrunken veins and exhausted arteries and panting lungs and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, rubicund health. God-given and complete health. The twelve years' march of pain and pang and suffering over suspension-bridge of nerve and through tunnel of bone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of his garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd, and startles them with the interrogatory of my text: "Who touched me?" The insolent crowd in substance replied, "How do we know? You get in a crowd like this and you must expect to be jostled. You ask us a question you know we cannot answer." But the roseate and rejuvenated woman came up and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration, and Jesus said: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace." So Mark gives us a dramatic illustration of the Gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our households may he be the family physician.

Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed, Jesus felt that virtue or strength had gone out of him. No addition of help to others without subtraction of strength from ourselves. Did you never get tired for others? Have you never risked your health for others? Have you never preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a burning prayer, and then felt afterward that strength had gone out of you? Then you have never imitated Christ.

Are you curious to know how that garment of Christ should have wrought such a cure for this suppliant invalid? I suppose that Christ was surcharged with vitality. You know that diseases may be conveyed from city to city by garments as in case of epidemic, and so I suppose that garments may be surcharged with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that it permeated all his robe down to the last thread on the border of the blue fringe. But in addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics without which this twelve years' invalid would not have been instantly restored.

Now, if omnipotence cannot help others without depletion, how can we ever expect to bless the world without self-sacrifice? A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession overworks that he may educate his children, a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church, or Sabbath-school, or city evangelization, has imitated Christ, and the strength has gone out of him. A mother who robs herself of sleep in behalf of a sick-cradle, a wife who bears up cheerfully under domestic misfortune

that she may encourage her husband in the combat against disaster, a woman who by hard saving and earnest prayer and good counsel, wisely given, and many years devoted to rearing her family for God and usefulness and heaven, and who has nothing to show for it but premature gray hairs and a profusion of deep wrinkles, is like Christ, and strength has gone out of her. That strength or virtue may have gone out through a garment she has made for the home, that strength may have gone out through the sock you knit for the barefoot destitute, that strength may go out through the mantle hung up in some closet after you are dead. So a crippled child sat every morning on her father's front step so that when the kind Christian teacher passed by to school she might take hold of her dress and let the dress slide through her pale fingers. She said it helped her pain so much and made her so happy all the day. Aye, have we not in all our dwelling garments of the departed, a touch of which thrills us through and through, the life of those who are gone thrilling through the life of those who stay? But mark you, the principle I evolve from this subject. No addition of health to others unless there be a subtraction of strength from ourselves. He felt that strength had gone out of him.

Notice also in this subject a Christ sensitive to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate his accessibility, God in magnitude rather than God in minutiae, God in the infinite rather than God in the infinitesimal; but here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the sham trial of Christ they struck him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how he must have writhed under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nerveless finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of his coat, and he looks around and says, "Who touched me?"

We talk about sensitive people, but Christ was the impersonation of all sensitiveness. The slightest stroke of the smallest finger of human disability makes all the nerves of his head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a preoccupied Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron-cased Christ, but an exquisitely sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch him, if by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between him and ourselves complete. Mark you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ, you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive nature.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ, and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, why do you go unhelped? Why do you go wondering about this and wondering about that? Why do you not touch him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than twelve years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which my text is the diagnosis and prognosis. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through and I guess you can press through.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when

at the wedding in Cana he alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist: "Jesus wept!" Behold Christ on the only day of his early triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of tears in his eyes and on his cheek; for when he beheld the city he wept over it. O man of the many trials, O woman of the heartbreak, why do you not touch him?

"Oh," says some one, "Christ don't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of his kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to overthrow, and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine he doesn't care about me, and his face is turned the other way." So his back was turned to this invalid of the text. He was on his way to effect a cure which was famous and popular and wide-resounding. But the context says, "He turned him about." If he was facing to the north he turned to the south; if he was facing to the east he turned to the west. What turned him about? The Bible says he has no shadow of turning. He rides on in his chariot through the eternities. He marches on crushing sceptres as though they were the crackling alders on a brook's bank, and tossing thrones on either side of him without stopping to look which way they fall. From everlasting to everlasting. "He turned him about." He whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the wan, sick, nerveless finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous. Of course it is a misapplied word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After twelve years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had. You all know that a good deal of medicine taken if it does not cure leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be. She knew all about insomnia and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and irritability about little things that in health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling forearm, and an uncertain motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she missed the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where she expected to touch it.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, they say: "That's a dreadful thing." Everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of which I am now speaking, they say: "Oh, that nothing, she's a little nervous, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medicament. I believe in it. When the slightest thing occurs in the way of sickness in my household, we always run for the doctor. I do not want to despise

The Gospel Among Cannibals.

(Continued from first page.)

is now sub-divided into four branches, with an aggregate membership of four hundred. It has a white pastor, but the church officers are natives.

"I came back on a second furlough in 1880, returning to the field, married in 1881. I then went seventy miles further up the Ogowe river and established a new station, called Talaguga, right among the cannibal Fang tribe. At different times, my life has been in peril at the hands of the tribesmen, but under Divine protection, I have always escaped unharmed. One occasion I particularly



MISSIONARY R. H. NASSAU, M.D., D.D., AND HIS DAUGHTER MAY.

recall. A native—a refugee who had been guilty of some offence—came to my place for shelter, and shortly afterward a native chief arrived with a party of thirteen armed followers, and demanded that I deliver him up. I refused, and on the chief attempting to force an entrance to my house, I opposed force with force, believing the man's life to be in immediate peril. We wrestled in the doorway, the chief striving to get in and trying to use his gun, the barrel of which I had grasped, and I exerting all my muscular power to keep him out. I was for the moment the stronger, and besides, I was defending a principle, and that principle was that the mission premises should be a sacred refuge and open to all travelers and visitors, and that any man who landed on those premises must be safe. If I had allowed the chief to force his way in I would have had no influence thereafter with the tribes. I always carried a gun as protection against the wild animals one meets in those forests, but I had never raised it against my fellow-man nor did I then; but the natives did not know whether I might not shoot. At this juncture, and when a tragedy seemed not improbable, my wife, who was standing calmly and prayerfully watching the struggle from a little eminence nearby, sent me a little pencilled note, suggesting that I should inform the chief and his people that unless they withdrew, I would summon the French troops at the military station not very many miles distant. This would probably have brought matters to a crisis at once, as the natives stand in dread of the troops; but fortunately it was not needed. The chief's own people dragged him away and took his gun from him, and when I saw this I put mine aside, and they then said to me: "You are right, and he (the chief) is in the wrong." This conclusion was not surprising, as their own laws require that a guest should be protected by his host at any risk, and I was simply following the native custom.

"From that time my premises were safe from intrusion; people would come there and know they were safe. After the trouble I have related, one of the chief's own people said, 'We made a mistake to-day coming on the missionary's ground.' Two days later, I was greatly pleased to receive a visit from the chief himself. He came in peace and brought me chickens, goats, and other things and laid these at my feet, begging me to restore my

friendship to him. We were staunch friends afterward. I stayed there nine years; my wife died there and left me with a little daughter, whom I kept there and to whom I was both father and mother. I trained and reared her in that country, solely with the aid of a good native Christian woman, until she was seven years old, and then I brought her to the United States where she now is.

"Cannibalism still exists among the tribes of the Ogowe," continued Dr. Nassau. "The old people practice it, but the young men are beginning to be ashamed of it and deny it. It is difficult

to detect in the towns. In my own experience, however, there were two instances that may be accepted as evidence of the fact of its existence. It must be remembered that the events I am about to relate occurred after the people had begun to be somewhat civilized.

"A member of a neighboring tribe came to the village to sell ivory, and was sitting quietly in the village street. A certain man in the village, who was violently enraged at some other villager from a distance, rushed out with his gun and fired wildly, and the bullet struck

the stranger and killed him. Now the question came up: What shall be done with the body of this stranger? and right here is where the cannibalistic propensity cropped out. There were three parties in the town council. One party—the least civilized of the three—said: 'It is meat; let us eat it.' The second and half civilized party said, 'He was of a lower tribe; we do not care to bury him; let us throw the body into the river.' Those who were beginning to be Christianized said: 'He is a stranger and our guest; let us give him an honorable burial.' This third party, constituting the Christians, gave him a proper burial.

"My little daughter was with me when the next instance occurred and we both saw it. We were traveling in my boat (a craft thirty feet long and rowed by a crew of six natives), to a point twenty miles down the Ogowe river. As we floated along quietly past a village, I heard a voice at the landing-place, calling out: 'Come, buy meat!' and I saw a man holding up some object to the gaze of my boatmen. My daughter and I, being under the canopy, could not be identified as white persons at that distance, otherwise the man on shore would have doubtless kept quiet. 'We have been down river and killed two men,' he cried. 'Come, buy meat!' And then, with a shudder, I recognized the thing he held as a human arm! I turned away from it, and a word to the rowers soon drew us past the sickening sight.

"With these people, cannibalism is not a question of hunting human game for the purpose of eating it; I don't think they ever do that. Having killed an enemy, they conclude the best way to dispose of the body is to treat it as 'meat' and eat it. That is really what cannibalism to-day amounts to, on the West Coast at least. It is only a question of time when the last traces of it shall have disappeared."

Dr. Nassau's experience in Africa, like that of Dr. Kerr in China (recently related in these columns), is a powerful argument in behalf of medical training as an important part of missionary equipment.

"I regard medical knowledge as almost indispensable," he said, "for the sake of the missionaries themselves, if for no other reason. In all the thirty-two years of my African experience, I have never had the African fever. My

first wife died of it; but my second wife, who had been three years in that country, never had even a touch of it. Medical knowledge enables one to take the necessary precautions to avoid it. I formed a precautionary habit of fortifying myself by proper treatment before going into danger, in order to prevent myself taking the fever, instead of waiting until I contracted it and then beginning treatment, after it had already invaded the system. And I may say truthfully that I have been more exposed in camping out in sun, rain and in generally insalubrious conditions than any of my associates in the mission field.

"The native priest is also the native doctor in Africa. I think that probably they do have some drugs of medicinal value; but their theory is that the drug is efficient only because of the spirit they associate with it, and which, entering into the body of the sick person, drives out the evil spirit that has caused the disease. I suppose in cases where the sick man gets well, that the drug was really good. There are barks and leaves that they use that have unquestionable medicinal value; but they will not tell a stranger from what tree the leaf or bark comes. The special branch of medicine that would be most useful there would be surgery, because the native doctors know nothing about surgery. They would not attempt to amputate and do not know how to set a bone. The natives have frightful abscesses which ought to be opened, but the doctors do not know where to cut them. One of the most startling cases of native surgery I ever witnessed occurred near my own station. Two men who were friends were out hunting and accidentally became separated in the thicket. One of them mistook the other for a wild beast and shot him, the bullet penetrating his breast. He was taken to his home in the town, and the natives very properly concluded that the bullet should be extracted. Then the native doctor, in order to extract it, made a perpendicular incision in the man's chest, extending down to the last rib, and then he cut diagonally across and actually lifted the wall of the chest and groped among the vitals for the ball. He got it. But here his surgery failed, for he sent the man to me to be sewed up. But the patient was dead!

"In Africa," added Dr. Nassau, "one needs quinine, although it can easily be overdone. Lemon juice in a cup of good strong tea will frequently remove biliousness and avert more serious complications. I do not believe in stimulants. They can never be used with safety in Africa as a beverage."

Little May Nassau, whose portrait, along with that of her father, is given on the first

Governor of the French Congo Colony, famous as an explorer, was his occasional guest. Few men have had so many exciting experiences in Africa as De Brazza, who has hobnobbed with many kings and potentates. An illustration on the first page shows De Brazza conducting a "palaver" with Renoko, one of the West Coast monarchs. The latter sits surrounded by his admiring wives and courtiers, blowing wreaths of smoke from an immense pipe, the bowl of which is kept supplied by a naked gamin. The territory of French Congo is the same of which Paul Du Chaillu wrote in his earlier books on African explorations. It is the "Gorilla Land" of his travels, and lies in the very centre of what may be designated as the gorilla belt; for, strangely enough, that animal is found within a few degrees north and south of the Equator and nowhere else. Dr. Nassau, in his hunting expeditions, has had frequent encounters with the giant ape, and bears testimony to the absolute accuracy of Du Chaillu's description of the gorilla, which, when first published, excited general wonder and incredulity. It is harder to hunt than any other animal, and the adults will not bear to be captured alive. Indeed, this can only be accomplished by taking them in pits, for it would require the strength of many men to capture them. Dr. Nassau, some time ago, sent the brains of three gorillas to the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, for purpose of comparative analysis. He had two live gorillas in Africa, and hoped to bring them on, but was disappointed.

THE HEART OF A CHILD.

A CURIOUS-LOOKING old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curbstone to rest, writes "Pansy." A group of three little ones, the oldest about nine, stopped in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. She smiled. Suddenly the smile faded, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the oldest child asked:

"Are you sorry because you have not got any children?"

"—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, a sob.

"I am sorry," said the little girl, as her chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers, but I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever," sobbed the old woman, and for a minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child, "You may kiss us all



THE FIRST OGOWE CHURCH, KANGWE STATION, WEST AFRICA.

(Founded by Rev. Dr. Nassau, Gaboon and Corisco Mission.)

page of this issue, is a native of Africa and the first white girl born in the French Ogowe. Her first syllables were lisped in the African tongue and it is the language to which she is most habituated, although she talks English fluently, having learned rapidly since she came to this country. Dr. Nassau's mission stations on the Ogowe River were popular not only with the natives, but with missionaries and other white men who frequently came from points far distant to enjoy his hospitality. As a hunter and savant, no less than as missionary and physician, he was distinguished by the valuable pioneer work he accomplished during these more than thirty years' residence on the West coast. De Brazza, the

once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her, were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME.

Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, recently said that judges are "weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime," and declared that he "can keep no terms with a vice that fills our goals, destroys the comfort of homes and the peace of families, and debases and brutalizes the people of the islands."



ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS
SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

The Christian Herald is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue. **Remittances** should always be made in the safest manner at the command of the remitter. Post-office and Express Money Orders are always safe and may be sent at our risk.

Register your letters when you remit by cash or postal notes.

Renewals.—It is always best to renew two weeks before the date on your wrapper, in order to ensure uninterrupted service.

Back Numbers.—We cannot undertake to supply back numbers, nor to make good omissions caused by tardy renewals.

Change of Date.—It takes two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is renewed.

Expiration of subscription. The date on the wrapper indicates when your paper will be stopped unless promptly renewed.

Change of Address.—Always give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address.

The Name of the Town and the State you live in should always follow your own name when writing to this office. We cannot find your name on our books unless this is done.

Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

WHY COMPLAIN?

THE largest number of complainers you shall find among those of us who have lucrative professions, large stores, well-warmed houses, luxurious wardrobes and plenty of attendants. It would be well if, when tempted to complain, we would go down to see how other people have it. Saadi, the poet of Persia, in his poverty, walked the streets barefooted and soliloquized day after day: "What a pity that I, the greatest poet in Persia, should have no shoes!" "No shoes!" he constantly complained to himself, until one day he met a man who had no feet. "Ah!" he said, "that man is worse off than I am. I have no shoes, but he has no feet." According to my calculation, in the six thousand years of the world's existence there must have been about two million days of sunshine, allowing one hundred and ninety-five thousand days for storm. Of the myriads of blossoms on my peach orchard there was not one blossom that did not beat Walter Scott's Marmion or John Milton's Paradise Lost. In weeding out one patch of cantaloupes I threw over the fence about five thousand Tennysons and Longfellow. Nothing but Omnipotence could have made legs strong enough to hold up the great Thanksgiving table of a world. Every grasshopper has a solo, and every snow-flake a psalm, and every honey-suckle a censer, and every pond lily is a gondola for eternal glories to sail in, and there are pyramids in the cones of the white pine, and the place of the sunset is where the river of delight flashes into the sea of the great Forever. Amid so much beauty and luxuriance how can we complain.

It would be well if, not only in looking at our own condition, but at other people, we set out the sparkle instead of the gloom. With five hundred faults of our own, we ought to let somebody else have at least one. When there is such excellent hunting on our own ground, let us not with rifle and greyhound-pack spend all our time in scouring our neighbor's lowlands. I am afraid the imperfections of other people will kill us yet. All the vessels on the sea seem to be in bad trim except our schooner. A person full of faults is most merciless in his criticism of the faults of others. How much better, like the sun, to find light wherever we look, letting people have their idiosyncrasies and every one work in his own way. But people in the critical mood groan after what they call the good old days. They say: "Just think of the pride of people in our time." O ye modern hair-dressers, stand aghast at the locks of our ancestry! They say our ministers

are all askew, but just think of our clergymen entering a pulpit with their hair fixed up in the shape of some of the ancient bishops. The great George Washington had his horses' hoofs blackened when about to appear on a parade, and writes to Europe, ordering sent for the use of himself and family, "one silver-laced hat, one pair of silver shoe buckles, a coat made of fashionable silk, one pair of gold sleeve buttons, six pairs of kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable cambric pocket handkerchiefs," besides ruffles and tucker. Talk about dissipation, ye who have ever seen the old-fashioned side-board! Talk of parties of to-day and keeping of late hours! Why, did they not have their bees and sausage-stuffings and tea parties and dances that for heartiness and uproar utterly eclipsed all the waltzes, lancers, redows and break-downs of the nineteenth century? The world was then such a bad place that I do not see how our fathers and mothers could have been induced to stay in it, although on our account I am glad they consented.

The world is coming under the domination of the intelligent races. The great characteristics of these races, as you trace them down from the tenth century in England until this present hour, are their love of liberty, their obedience to law and their desire for progress. While these races have sometimes abused their power and sought advancement in improper ways, their main tendencies have been right, and no philanthropist can read the tendencies of the times in which we live without rejoicing that the intelligent races are becoming dominant in all the earth.

BIBLE PICTURES.

WHAT a poor world this would be if it were not for pictures! I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the wood-cuts or engravings in the old family Bible, out of which father and mother read, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word.

The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and no printer's ink, but the pictorial art must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or wood-cut for millions on millions!

I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book, nor newspaper, nor on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a comfortable home that has not specimens of wood-cut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race

is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk, many have hoped, with little reason, would become a world-wide language, and printer's types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book, and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny.

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. B. Lawrence, Flat, Pike Co., O. Have you regular binders for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and what are they worth?

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Binder is sent by mail for 75 cents.

G. A. Raynor, Albany, N. Y. When and where was the first Sunday School organized?

In Gloucester, England, in 1781, by Robert Raikes.

Harvey J. Kelso, Delaware, O. How are the "Bible Helps" which you furnish to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at half price, bound, and are they the same as those bound in with the Oxford Teachers' Bible?

They are neatly bound in cloth, with flexible covers, and are forwarded to our readers at 50c. They are identical with the Helps in the Oxford Bible.

E. Louise Faxon, West Philadelphia. Seeing an account of "The Young Soldier of the King," in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I became greatly interested. It is just what is needed in the Boy's Club of which I am manager. Would you kindly inform me where I can send for constitution and all other data concerning the organization?

Write to Editor, Boys' Brigade Journal, Detroit, Mich.

Constant Reader. 1. In what part of the United States is missionary work most needed? 2. How and where can I obtain information concerning it? 3. Where can I obtain information concerning the "poor whites" of the South?

1. In large cities where the population is dense and the surroundings incite to vice and lawlessness, and also in the South and sparsely settled portions of the Southwest. 2. Write to the American Missionary Association or the American Sunday School Union, both in the Bible House, N. Y. 3. Write to Rev. C. B. Curtis, Beloit, Ala.

A. E. Cox, Navasota, Tex. What is the meaning of 1. Corinthians 6: 2, 3?

The apostle was condemning the practice of Christians appealing to heathen courts of law for judgment in disputes with each other. He urged them when they had a dispute with other Christians to submit it to the arbitration of the Church and reminded them that in much weighty matters Christians were to act as judges. We are not told in what way saints will judge angels but Christ's own words (Luke 22: 30) show that in the millennial kingdom, they will be invested with judicial powers which at present are not fully explained.

Chandler Barber, Stryker, N. Y. 1. How old is Queen Victoria? 2. How many living children has she? 3. How many married and to whom? 4. Which one will succeed to the crown at her decease?

1. Seventy-four. 2. Seven living children. 3. All are married as follows: Princess Victoria, is the widow of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark; Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh, to Grand Duchess Marie of Russia; Helena Augusta Victoria, to Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; Louise Caroline Alberta, to John, Marquis of Lorne; Arthur, Duke of Connaught married to Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia; and Beatrice Mary Victoria Theodora, to Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg. 4. Prince of Wales is the next in line of succession to the throne.

Julia Dunning, Lander, Mass. I recently listened to a sermon on baptism, and one of the preacher's strong points was that "it was impossible for John to have stood in the River Jordan long enough to baptize even a few, because of its swift and ice-cold current, which comes rushing down from the snows of Mount Lebanon at the rate of about two hundred miles per hour; and its hurrying on so rapidly gives it no chance to be warmed by the hot climate. A man or beast could not cross it without being carried away in its current."

You may have misunderstood the speaker in some particulars; certainly no river in the world has a current that runs two hundred miles per hour. There is no doubt that the Jordan is a swift-flowing river; but the water, at the spot where John used to baptize, is calm and safe, both in spring and summer. Anyone can stand in it and bathe as long as he likes, the water being in those seasons of moderate temperature and very agreeable, so that one could remain in it and baptize as many persons

as he pleased. This place is called by the natives "Hajla," and is the traditional site of Bethabara, which is the place, as we learn from the Scriptures, where John used to baptize. A few miles above where the Jordan throws its water into the Dead Sea, the river is wide and deep, and people are carried across in small canoes. This place, however, is a considerable distance from the scene of baptism. In winter, the Jordan water is very cold, and it is true that one could not stand in it long.

R. P. Mylan, Ala. What does Christ mean by new wine breaking old bottles, in Mark 2: 21, 22?

He was speaking of bottles made of skins which were in common use in Palestine. They were liable to break under fermentation of the wine. The power of the new Gospel he was preaching could not be contained in the narrow limits of the old Jewish system of laws and ordinances.

F. Middleton, Viola Dale, Man. 1. Is it possible to attain sinless perfection in this life? 2. Is sanctification instantaneous or a gradual process? 3. If it is possible to attain perfection would the perfect person be liable to fall away?

1. Christ enjoins us to aim at perfection and that goal should always be kept before us. Some attain nearer to it than others, but we have never heard of anyone who became absolutely perfect. Some have claimed it, but those who knew them best were least disposed to admit the validity of their claim. 2. Sanctification is a gradual process beginning at conversion and increasing as the subject yields up more and more his own will and inclinations to the influence of the Holy Spirit. 3. There is always need of vigilance. The Apostle Paul dreaded lest he should become a castaway. It is, however, a ground of encouragement that those who love God and look to him for strength will be mercifully preserved from falling away. We believe that no person who has once been really converted will be finally lost. He may fall into grievous sin as Peter did, but God will bring him to repentance and restoration.

C. C. Ozias, Philadelphia, Pa. We believe not. —G. W. Reeves, Tecumseh, Okla. There is a great deal of speculative nonsense that passes with many people for science, and the clipping you send us is a fair sample. —Friends, Picton, Colo. Thanks for your very kindly suggestions. —Z. Jones, Filliam, Ills. We don't know of any that does. —John Boom, Dumont, Ia. No time was differently reckoned in those ages. —E. M. Piqua, O. Write to Mr. Hubert P. Main, of Biglow & Main, music publishers, 6 1/2 Street, N. Y. —M. B. Munson, Waukegan, Ill. 1. We never heard of it. 2. We know of no reason why he should not do so. 3. There is no opening at present. —Mrs. D. G. Crawford, Connelville, S. C. The first is the mother; the other the st-pinothier. —T. J. Faulkner, Perry, Fla. Any dictionary will supply an answer to your question. —Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Louise Beiser's address is 72 Charles Street, New York. —Subscriber, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Many people have asked your question but it can never be answered authoritatively, as the only two people who are said to have seen them have died and left no record beyond that to which you refer. —O. M. Hawkins, Minneapolis, Minn. There is no possibility of such a contingency arising as you suggest, so it would be useless to discuss what should be done if it did arise. —O. R. Faiss, Sand Brook, N. J. Baptism is a duty prescribed by Christ himself and every Christian will be careful to observe it, but it is a mere rite and ceremony which can never save a human being. Neither that nor the Lord's Supper have any saving power. —S. M. Davidson, Belts Valley, Va. No; the Lord's Day is a day of loving commemoration and the Christian will cheerfully consecrate it to Christ's service rather than to mere physical rest. He rests from physical labor and secular business as the Jew was required to do; but he uses the time, or should use it, in doing something to help forward Christ's kingdom on earth.

C. H. H. Dodge, Spring Valley, Minn. 1. What miracles did Jesus perform during his childhood (not found in the Bible)? 2. Who were the Antiochian fathers? 3. Was the origin of baptism pagan?

The Evangelists pass over the boyhood of Jesus with the simple remark that his obedience, intelligence and piety, won the affections of all who knew him (Luke 2: 40, 50, 51). There is no authentic record to show that he performed miracles during his childhood, although the Romish Church preserves certain traditions to that effect. The Ante-Nicene fathers were those whose writings date before the Council of Nice A.D. 325. The chief among them are: Justin Martyr, Hermias, Dionysius of Corinth, Hegesippus, Tatian, Athenagoras, Theophilus bishop of Antioch, Irenaeus bishop of Lyons, Minucius Felix, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Hippolytus, Origen head of the catechetical school at Alexandria, Cyprian bishop of Carthage, Dionysius surnamed the Great, bishop of Alexandria, Gregory bishop of Neocaesarta, Victorinus, Ambrosius and Lactantius. 3. The act of purification by water, in the sprinkling of the face and hands was in use long before the Christian era and very probably gave rise to its adoption for purposes of baptism by the early Christian Church. Holy or consecrated water was used by the pagans to exorcise or drive out devils. Its first use, as a symbol of purity, is undoubtedly very ancient. Whether or not the custom was of pagan origin cannot be determined.